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BY Daniel Clowes
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#19

EIGHTBALL



BEYOND YOUR KINK INDULGENCE, WE INTRODUCE --

DAVID BORING



YELLOW STREAK



No. 1

25¢



THE YELLOW STREAK

AND FRIENDS ANNUAL



TESTOR TRUEHAND



ANNE EKINS



CRATER CARTER



ALLERGY





HERE, BY SOME MIRACLE OF CIRCUMSTANCE, I WAS, NAKED, ABOUT TO HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH WHAT THE CONSENSUS OF THE DAY WOULD HAVE HELD AS A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

SHE WAS NOT DISPLEASED WITH MY THRUSTS (SHE BIT HER LIP AND MADE BREATHY NOISES) BUT I KNEW FROM THE START THAT I PROBABLY WOULDN'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE IF SHE WASN'T (AT LEAST) OVERWHELMED BY MY ENTHUSIASM.



THE BREATHY NOISES TRAILED OFF AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT AT ANY MOMENT SHE MIGHT EXTRACT HERSELF FROM THE SITUATION AND DASH OFF TO A JUST-REMEMBERED PARTY TO MINGLE IN HER NATURAL ELEMENT AMONG B-LIST ACTORS AND THE CHILDREN OF MILLIONAIRES.



HER SKIN WAS SMOOTH AND ELASTIC, DAPPLED WITH GILGUGH YELLOW FUZZ. HER TRIM, ATHLETIC FIGURE WAS BLAH BLAH ETC. ETC.



SHE HAD RECENTLY BEEN ASKED TO MODEL FOR A SPORTSWEAR CATALOG AND WAS CONSIDERED 'VERY PROMISING' BY HER ACTING TEACHERS.

I BELIEVE IN 'EXPERIENCING THE MOMENT' IN ITS PRESENT TENSE, WITHOUT DWELLING ON BYGONE ASSOCIATIONS OR A TRAGIC AFTERMATH.



A STORY IN
THREE ACTS
BY
DANIEL
CLOWES

DAVID BO



I'M DAVID, YOUR ERYNOMOUS NARRATOR-
DAVID JUPITER BORING, THE FIRST. MY
FATHER WAS A CARTOONIST (NOT THE
GUY WHO DREW S-----N IN THE
1950'S). I WAS BORN ON THE 6TH
OF MAY IN 1978 AT 9:30 PM.

IT IS NOW FEBRUARY THE 24TH, 1998, 2:40 AM. SINCE MOVING TO THE
CITY I'VE HAD SEX WITH SIX DIFFERENT WOMEN. PRIOR TO THAT,
NOTHING.





THIS IS DOT. WE LIVE HERE TOGETHER. SHE'S ROUGHLY MY AGE. SHE'S LOOKING AT THE SECRET SCRAPBOOK COMPILED BY YOUR NARRATOR IN HIS YOUTH.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT MEMORIZED?

I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT THIS IN AGES!
...YOU REALLY ARE SUCH A REPULSIVE PERVERT, DAVID...

I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE IS YOUR FAVORITE...





NEXT TO OUR BUILDING IS A VACANT LOT FILLED WITH GARBAGE. IT BEGAN WITH A LAYER OF TYPICAL FLOTSAM (TIRES, SOFA, MATTRESS) BUT AS THE LEVEL CONTINUES TO RISE (THE FIRST FLOOR IS NEARLY SUBMERGED) DISCARDED OBJECTS SEEM MORE AND MORE TO HAVE BEEN LEFT FOR THEIR SYMBOLIC VALUE...



I GREW UP IN THE COUNTRY, IN MERRYVALE TOWNSHIP, WITH MY MOTHER (MY FATHER ESCAPED WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG - HIS WORKS WERE THERE AFTER FORBIDDEN, THOUGH I SAVED A FEW SECRET ISSUES). I WAS EDUCATED AT HOME UNTIL I WAS 14, AT WHICH TIME I WAS SENT TO THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL (SO HORTONWILS) WHERE I BEFRIENDED WHITEY, A CYNICAL HAYSEED WITH PRETENSIONS OF URBANITY WHO HAD BEEN THE SCHOOL PUNCHING BAG BEFORE MY ARRIVAL.

I SPENT MY SENIOR YEAR IN A SCHOOL FOR "GIFTED" CHILDREN IN LIVERBROOK, AT WHICH I DID POORLY BUT HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO MEET DOT, MY ONLY TRUE FRIEND IN THIS MISERABLE LIFE (SO FAR). WE MADE SUPER-B MOVIES AND TALKED IN ENDLESS GYNCOLOGICAL DETAIL ABOUT THE GIRLS IN OUR CLASS (AND ONE PARTICULARLY BRALESS MATH TEACHER).

AFTER GRADUATION I DEVISED A PLAN TO ELUDE THE UMBELICAL CLUTCHES OF MY MONSTROUS MOTHER BY MOVING TO THE CITY (WHERE I COULD BE CERTAIN SHE WOULD NEVER VISIT) WITH DOT (HER ARCH-RIVAL WHO SHE HAD ACTUALLY MET ONLY TWICE AND PRETENDED TO LIKE).



I HADN'T SEEN WHITEY IN A YEAR BUT HE CALLED OCCASIONALLY. THE LAST TIME WE SPOKE, IN A FAILED ATTEMPT TO COAX AN INVITATION, HE MENTIONED "A GREAT HOUSEWARMING GIFT" HE HAD FOR ME...



I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHITEY'S ENVIABLE KNACK FOR IMPROVISATION. HIS STORIES WERE ALWAYS JUST PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH TO WARD OFF ARGUMENT. ON THE WAY HOME HE EXPLAINED THAT HIS HEAD HAD BEEN SHAVED IN A BIZARRE HAZING RITUAL (HE HAD LIVED IN A RENTED ROOM IN THE ONE FRATERNITY HOUSE AT MIDDLETOWN COLLEGE), THOUGH MORE LIKELY IT WAS SOME SORT OF OLD TESTAMENT REVENGE FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.







THE FACT IS, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN EMBARRASSED TO TALK TO GIRLS IN FRONT OF WHITEY. HE HAS A WAY OF MAKING YOU FEEL SUBNORMAL IF YOU'RE NOT ATTRACTED TO HIS TYPE (GAUNT, FASHIONABLE AND DUMB). I'VE PURSUED SEVERAL WOMEN (THE "ACTRESS" IN SC. 1, FOR EXAMPLE) BECAUSE I KNEW, ON SOME LEVEL, THAT WHITEY WOULD BE IMPRESSED.



I AM CURSED BY TWO THINGS: AN UN-SYMPATHETIC EYE FOR PERFECTION AND A BLOSSOMING KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN FEMININE IDEAL, SPECIFICALLY: THE HEAD (ROUND EYES AND MOUTH, A JAWLINE ARC TO THE NOSE BRIDGE), SMALLISH AND OVOID, LEADING WITH A PARTICULAR TILT TO AN EXTENDED NECK, SINGING OUTWARD AT THE SHOULDERS...

A SUBSTANTIAL CARRIAGE AND ARMS; SMALLISH ROUND BREASTS; A CONVEX STOMACH DIVIDING POWERFUL HIPS WHICH, FROM SIDE TO BACK, DESCRIBE A MEATY SEMI-CIRCLE; PROCEEDING DOWNWARD TO THICK, SWISHY LEGS AND INSIGNIFICANT FEET.

IN SOME WAYS, I LONG FOR THE 'OLD DAYS,' WHEN FETISHES WERE APPLIED TO HANDKERCHIEFS AND PETTICOATS, RATHER THAN DIRECTLY TO FRAIL PHYSICAL FORMS THAT CAN NEVER LIVE UP TO THE EMBELLISHED PERFECTION OF OUR (WE PERVERTS) IDEALS.



BUT REALLY I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT NOSTALGIC AND MY AESTHETICS ARE UP-TO-DATE, WITH VARIOUS PRIVATE QUIRKS: A SPECIFIC HAIRSTYLE, AN INNOCENT AFFECT AND AN INTANGIBLE X-QUALITY THAT REACT IN COMBINATION WITH THE TIMELESS ALLURE OF A CLASSICAL STRUCTURE.



I MET WITH LT. ANEMONE OF THE OCEANA P.D. IN WHAT THE COPS ALL REFERRED TO AS THE "MINE-MORRUE." THE DENT IN WHITEY'S FOREHEAD LOOKED LIKE A GIGANTIC THUMBPRINT.



TODAY IS 3/27/98 I'VE GOT TO FLY TO GEYSERVILLE AND THEN TAKE A BUS TO MERRYVALE BY NOON. I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SAY IF THEY ASK ME TO SPEAK AT THE FUNERAL, BUT ANOTHER PASSENGER (A PROF FROM O.U.) KEEPS DISTRACTING ME... APPARENTLY THERE'S SOME BIG POLITICAL SITUATION GOING ON IN THE WORLD.





SUDDENLY, THE CLOUDS PART AND THE BIRDS BEGIN CHIRPING...



THE MUSIC RECEDES MOMENTARILY FOR A PERFECTLY TIMED SOUND EFFECT, THEN, ADDING STRINGS AND ORGAN, RISES TO A FLORID CLIMAX...



A PINK SPOTLIGHT LIGHTS HER FACE AS SHE COMES INTO FOCUS. ROMANTIC MUSIC BEGINS TO SWELL. BLOSSOMS BURST INTO BLOOM. CATERPILLARS EXPLODE INTO BUTTERFLIES...



FOR A MOMENT, ALL MOVEMENT CEASES AND THE SCENE IS ONE OF CRYSTALLINE STILLNESS, SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLOW, MELODRAMATIC HEARTBEAT.





I AM UNABLE TO REPORT ACCURATELY
ON THE REST OF THE TRIP. MY WEARY
SYNAPSES PROCESS AND RECORD ONLY
A FEW GOLDEN FRAGMENTS.



AMONG THEM: A PERFECT SEMI-
CIRCLE OF HAIR ABOVE HER UN-
PIERCED EAR, THE RASPY LILT OF
HER TEENAGER'S VOICE, AND THE
NAME ON HER LUGGAGE TAG:
TWYSSA WONYAM



I ACTUALLY CONSIDER BUYING A TICKET ON HER FLIGHT AND DRYING OFF (OR
KILLING) ANOTHER PASSENGER SO I CAN SIT NEXT TO HER, BUT, GOD
KNOWS WHY, I STILL FEEL SOME SORT OF OBLIGATION TO WHITEY (WHO, IF
HE WERE HERE, WOULD SAY, "PFF! SHE'S NO BIG DEAL...")



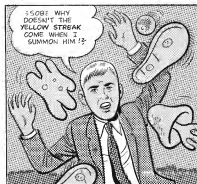


IN A WAY I WAS GLAD THAT WHITEY WAS DEAD. YOU CAN NEVER REALLY TRUST SOMEONE WHO REMEMBERS EVERY EMBARRASSING DETAIL OF YOUR ADOLESCENCE.



EVEN WORSE, THOUGH, IS TO IMAGINE HIM UP ON A CLOUD SOMEWHERE WATCHING EVERY LITTLE THING I DO. I'M SURE I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT WHEN I DIE.





THE ASTUTE READER MAY HAVE NOTICED A CERTAIN RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN WANDA KRAML AND MY FAVORITE SCRAPBOOK GIRL. THEY ARE BOTH EXAMPLES OF THAT "FEMININE IDEAL" I WAS TALKING ABOUT.



THE GENEALOGY OF THIS INFATUATION CAN BE TRACED BACK TO THE SUMMER OF 1981, WHICH I SPENT PRACTICALLY ALONE WITH THEIR PROTOTYPE (MY PERFECT COUSIN, PAMELA).



IT'S BEEN 27 DAYS SINCE WHITEY WAS KILLED. AT THIS POINT THEY'RE CALLING IT AN "ACT OF GOD," I GUESS...



I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE COPS IN A WEEK, WHICH IN A WAY IS GOOD BECAUSE I WAS STARTING TO THINK THAT I WAS THEIR MAIN SUSPECT...



I GUESS MY "ALIBI" CHECKED OUT, WHICH IS SURPRISING SINCE I NEVER ONCE CALLED THE BLONDE AFTER THAT NIGHT...



I LOVE THAT I'M TALKING ABOUT
"BLONDES" AND "AUBES" ...



ACTUALLY, I LOathe ALL CRIMINALS,
VIOLENT THUGS, GUN-WIELDING
MORONS, ETC.



I MENTIONED BEFORE THAT DOT
AND I USED TO MAKE MOVIES. WE
WERE ACTUALLY PRETTY SERIOUS
ABOUT IT.



OUR BIG IDEA WAS TO MAKE A
POENOGRAPHIC EPIC...



NOT JUST A RUN-OF-THE-MILL THING,
BUT A COMPLEX NARRATIVE, WHERE
THE SEX WAS A NATURAL PART OF THE
ACTION. I WAS GOING TO BE THE
MAIN STAR ...



UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULD NEVER
COME UP WITH A GOOD STORY...

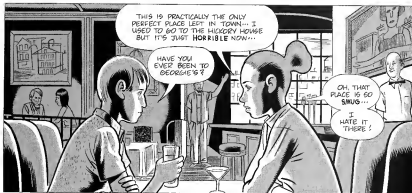




THREE DAYS LATER, WE HAVE THE FIRST REALLY WARM DAY OF THE SPRING. THE STREETS ARE QUIET AND A LOT OF BUSINESSES ARE CLOSED BECAUSE OF SOME OBSCURE RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY, AND I AM BUDDYED BY THE INNATE HUMAN CONFIDENCE THAT COMES WITH FAIR WEATHER...









THERE I WAS, HE WHO HAD TASTED ALL MANNER OF
MANLY CONQUEST, SMOGGING OVER A GURLISH PECK...



IN THE DATES THAT FOLLOW, WE SLOWLY GRADUATE
TO A STYLIZED FORM OF TONGUELESS SMOOGING,
HER APPARENT MODESTY OFFSET BY A RELENTLESS
INTEREST IN THE SORDID DETAILS OF HUMAN
SEXUALITY.

TODAY IS MY TWENTIETH BIRTH-
DAY AND OUR SEVENTH OFFICIAL DATE.



EVERY MOMENT WITH HER HAS THE
TEXTURE OF HOLYWOODISH MELO-
DRAMMA. I FIND MYSELF CAPABLE
AS NEVER BEFORE OF WITTY BAN-
TER AND RUGGED CHARM, AS
THOUGH SUDDENLY PROMOTED
FROM CHARACTER ACTOR TO
LEADING MAN.



I AM IN LOVE, AND NEARLY OVER-
COME WITH LONGING. I HAVE
TAKEN TO CARRYING WHITEY'S
LUCKY PENNY WITH ME ON EVERY
DATE.



HEY,
WATCH
IT!

PLEASE DON'T
EVER
TOUCH MY
BUTT!

SORRY!

IT'S THE
BANE OF MY
EXISTENCE! I
HATE IT!

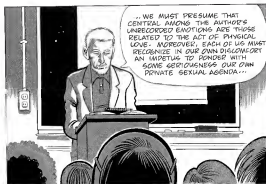


WHY?

OH COME
ON -- IT'S
ENORMOUS!

AS IF
YOU HAVEN'T
NOTICED!





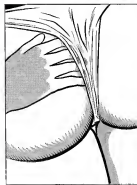




TODAY IS MAY 22, AND WE STILL HAVE YET TO GO BEYOND LIGHT PETTING. YESTERDAY, WHILE SHE WAS TAKING A NAP, I WHISPERED "PLEASE LET ME FUCK YOU" AS A KIND OF SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I'M GOING INGANE.







YES, MY FRIENDS, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY REAL; THE ACT HAVING TAKEN PLACE BETWEEN 3:30 AND 4:00 PM ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1998 DURING WHAT MY RECORDS INDICATE TO HAVE BEEN OUR 13TH DATE.

NO PRECAUTIONS OF ANY KIND WERE TAKEN AND UNFATHOMABLE HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY, ETC., WERE REACHED.





SHE WAS CALLING ON THE FLimsY PRETEXT THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN TO CALL HER ON MOTHER'S DAY AND, THEREFORE, SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT ME. I TOLD HER I'D CALL HER BACK (LIE). IT WAS UN-CANNY HOW SHE KNEW TO CALL AT PRECISELY THE MOST MASCULINE MOMENT OF MY LIFE.



OH, BUT YOU ARE, MY DARLING...







THIS WAS NOT GOOD. BEFORE SHE LEFT SHE AMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT SOME BOOK SHE HAD BEEN READING. SOMETHING ABOUT SEX AND RELIGION. I WAS AFRAID TO ASK.



AT THIS MOMENT, I AM 90
OVERCOME WITH FEAR THAT I
ACTUALLY CONSIDER PRAYING,
THOUGH I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
TO SAY, OR TO WHOM...



INSTEAD, I TURN TO THE POSSIBILI-
TY OF SUICIDE. I ENVISION THE
HEADLINES ("CORPSE FOUND BY BOTANY
CLASS") AND WONDER IF I'D GET A
BIGGER TURNOUT THAN WHITEY DID...







THIS IS THE WORST
HEADACHE OF MY LIFE,
AN UNBEARABLE KNOT
OF PAIN ABOVE MY
RIGHT EYE.



I CAN'T SLEEP OR EAT
FOR TWO DAYS.



"IS IT AN ANEURYSM?
DO YOU WANT ME
TO CALL AN AMBU-
LANCE OR SOME-
THING?"



I BANG MY HEAD
AGAINST THE WALL
IN A FUTILE ATT-
EMPT TO DEBIL THE
MADDENING TORSION
OF HALLUCINATION
AND NAUSEA.



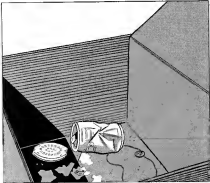
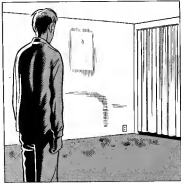
IS IT EVEN POS-
SIBLE TO DEBIL A
TORRENT? DOES
ANYTHING I SAY
MAKE SENSE?



SOMEBODY PLEASE
KILL ME PLEASE
KILL ME PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
KILL ME

(AGONIZED MOAN).

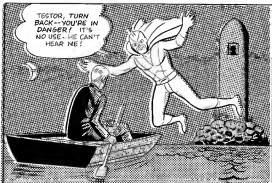


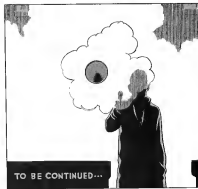


I GUESS SHE DECIDED TO KEEP MY SCRAPBOOK!
THAT WAS SOMETHING... AND AT LEAST MY
EMBARRASSING LOVE LETTER OF MAY 27
WASN'T IN THE BOX...



LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE THE POLICE HAVE LONG AND STOPPED INVESTIGATING WHITEY'S DEATH... DOT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY DAMPED BY BLINDER, I GUESS... I STILL HAVEN'T CALLED MY MOTHER BACK...





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PARING OUR AUDIENCE TO A MANAGEABLE SIZE FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS

PREVIOUSLY IN EIGHTBALL

CLAY WENT ON A SERIES OF COMPLEX ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF HIS EX-WIFE, WHILE **DAN PUSSEY** BECAME THE HOTTEST PENCILER IN COMICS BEFORE DYING IN A MURDER HOME. MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF PEOPLE WERE VISITED IN A FLIPPANT MANNER, WHILE **HOLY GOLF** AND **RUCK** WERE LAUDED. **ZUBRICK** AND **POGEYBAIT** DISCOVERED WORMS LIVING BENEATH THEIR SKIN, AND A YOUNG MAN WROTE TO US ABOUT HIS SEXUAL EXPERIENCES WITH A DOG. **ENID** AND **REBECCA** COMPLAINED A LOT AND EVENTUALLY DISSOLVED THEIR FRIENDSHIP (INCIDENTALLY, ACTER BEING REJECTED FROM STREATHMORE, ENID BRIEFLY CONSIDERED APPLYING TO BAINBRIDGE STATE AND THE LOSS PROBABLY MORELLA TECH) WHILE **MAL ROSEN** REACHED A CROSSROADS IN HIS CAREER AND **EPPS** DATED SEVERAL WOMEN AT ONCE. OFF THE PAGE, **TIZIANA BATMAN** LEAPT FROM A BODICE AND, AFTER A LENGTHY CONVERSATION, WAS BORN ANEW.

DAVID BORING'S PEN-PALS



WRITE TO:
DANIEL CLOWES
2140 SHATTUCK AV. #2107
BERKELEY, CA 94704

SEND \$2 FOR AN UPDATED
ORIGINAL ART PRICE LIST

"THE MOST SERIOUS FEELING
I GOT WHILE READING JACOBEN
CARPENTIER WAS THAT 'HEY!
THIS IS LIKE AYN RAND!'"

STEVE STENSLIE
LAUREL, MD

A FRIEND OF MINE WHO
CLAIMS TO BE "IN THE KNOW"
SAID THAT THERE WILL BE NO
MORE "SQUIRREL GIRL AND CANDY
DANTS" FOR SOMETIME. IN
FACT, THIS INSIDER INFORMED
ME THAT THE NEXT THREE IS-
SUERS WILL BE ONE LINA STONE,
WITH NO PERVERSITY OR
"SQUIRREL GIRL AND CANDY
DANTS".

BILL WEAVER
BROOKLYN, NY

I THOUGHT I'D OASH OUT
A SECOND LETTER IN CASE THE
FIRST ONE DIDN'T REACH YOU.
ALTHOUGH I'M SURE YOU GOT
IT, I MEAN, AS TALENTED AND
ABLE AN ACTHET AS YOU WOULD
ALSO BE CAPABLE OF RECEIVING
A SIMPLE LETTER. ANYWAY,
I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE
THAT YOU WERE AWARE OF ME,
DANIEL FARRER, AN ACTING
STUDENT IN NEW YORK, AND
MY INTEREST AND ESTEEM FOR
YOUR WORK.

DANIEL FARRER
NEW YORK, NY

IN "BLACK NYLON" PAGE 25,
FRAME #2, THE SIGN IN
THE BACKGROUND SPELLS OUT

[WHEN OUT TOGETHER] "STRENGTH"
AND THEN YOU USE THE WORD
"STRENGTH" IN THE NEXT FRAME
CONSIDERED? IF NOT, WHAT'S
YOUR POINT?

DOUG BATESMAN
BRADLEY, FL

"I'M REALLY MAD FOR THE
WHOLE ENOUGH "TODDY BOY"
SCENE OF THE 1940'S. I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO FIND A
PAIR OF ORIGINAL "GRANDPHE"
JEANS FOR PARS, WITH NO
LACK. - MAYBE YOU COULD DO
A STORY WHERE LLOYD NEW-
ELVIN BECOMES A "TODDY BOY"

ERIC NELSON
EUGENE, OR

NEXT: ACT 2 MULLIGAN'S WHARF



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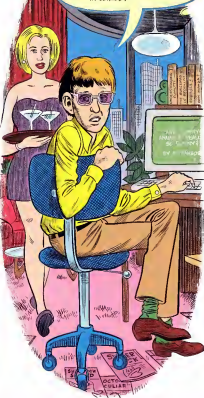
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I'M HARRY NAYBORS, COMIC BOOK
CRITIC. MY JOB ISN'T JUST ABOUT STATUS,
WEALTH AND FAME; LIKE ANY HIGH-STATUS
CAREER, THE PRESSURE CAN KILL YOU! THAT'S
WHY I TRY TO FOCUS ON THE LITTLE THINGS:
LIKE THE SIMPLE JOY OF TRASHING AN ENTIRE
CAREER IN ONE DASHED-OFF SENTENCE, OR THE
SURGE OF PRIDE WHEN DICTATING CONSUMER
CHOICES TO THE OUTLAW MAGAZINE, WHICH
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